FLAGS ON THE CHURCHES.

Why Seme of Them Show National Colors and

Others De Not.

While the homes of the people of all grades

throughout the city and in the suburbs are

decked out with flags and emblems in token of

means so universal in this outward expression

of sentiment. Occasionally one sees a broad

striped, brand new flag floating well out from

the tower of a conservative old edifice on a con-

spicuous corner, or notes just such an ample

field of bunting put out over a church door

barely high enough to escape the heads of the

churchgoees as they pass in and out, but for the

most part the prominent churches on Broad-

way and the avenues have abstained from this

churches that habitually put out flags on

Decoration Day and keep them on hand for that

took them in again when the commemorative

In the side streets, and in parts of the town

out of the general current of traffic and fashion,

many of the churches show patriotic colors,

Those whose style of architecture offers a fitting

place for a flag to float from have been at pains

to erect flag poles and plant the colors at suffi-

simply draped the Stars and Stripes up over the

arch of the door in accordance with the shape of

the cornice. Certain churches with two slender

steeples instead of one have provided a flag for

each, and draped the red, white, and blue over

A casual survey of the churches on the lower

the Presbyterian following to be more uniform

in their display of bunting than any other de-

nomination. The old First Church, corner of

Fifth avenue and Twelfth street, was among

of the churches which are the greatest stations of for form and ceremony in their religious observ-ances and celebrations, show no bunting in the present crisis. The members show the colors in their homes, but the church makes no sign."

GEN. ROSSER'S UNIFORM.

In a Planuel Shirt, Shoulder Straps and a String Around His Hat, He Will Ride a Mule.

From the Richmond (Va.) Times.

Among the Virginians who have recently vis-

ited Washington there has been no more strik-

ing figure and none on whom more eyes were

turned in admiring gaze than the stalwart form and sunburned, swarthy countenance of Gen. Thomas L. Rosser. A newly appointed officer

From the Chicago Journal.

The wise one was explaining to the other that the bat cannot see in the daytime. It was in the basement of a butter, eggs and chicken place on Washington street.

"You see," he said, as he stuck his finger close to the wide open eves of the bat, "he can't see a thing. Now watch."

He labbed his finger into the cycball of the unsucpecting little victim, which at once threw up its wings and hopped to the further end of the perch.

But the wise man was not satisfied. He wanted to demonstrate his knowledge still further.

ed to demonstrate his knowledge still further.

"No, he can't see a bit," he said, jabbing his finger the second time into the staring eye.

"See," he said, as he repeated his demonstra-

The bat in the meantime was flapping its wings excitedly and trying to grope its way to

safety.

"That's a peculiar thing about owls and bats,"
the wise one went on, "that they can see only
in the night time. Now, you just watch for yourself," Again he tortured the frightened night

"Yes, I see," said his friend.

interval was over.

the door lintel as well.

WHAKESPEARE AT SMITH.

THE COLLEGE PLAY THIS YEAR "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

The Preparations for the Event and the Actors In the Cast-It's a Time of rindy When Such Work in Started-The Players This Year-the College's Twenty-fifth Birthday. Bmith College this year has been celebrating her twenty fifth birthday. With the play on in the Opera House commencement was started. Since the initial performance of "Electra" in the original Greek by the class of '89, a senior play of some kind each year has

become the custom. "The Spanish Gypsy," by George Eliot; "Colombe's Birthday," by Robert Browning, and a characterization of Hardy's "Passe Rose" were all attempted before the classes settled into the series of Shakespeare plays introduced by '95 with "Midsum-mer Night's Dream." Ninety-six followed with "As You Like It." Ninety-seven produced "Merchant of Venice," while '98, with "Much Ado About Nothing," reaped as full a measare of praise and approval as had been acsorded to her sister classes.

It is the best tribute to the perfection and finish of these plays that the audience does not reserve a special set of standards for judging them, but unconsciously applies the same tests as to a performance in a city playhouse. The stage setting and coloring, the unexpected artistic touches, and, above all, the freshness and enthusiasm of the actors, have made all senior plays novel and interesting experiences to the mothers, fathers, and friends gathered together to watch them. Among a hundred and afty or two hundred girls there are always some with marked dramatic ability. If they find their way into the cast, they work with conscientiousness and unvarying faithfulness in their parts. The discipline of college training and Shakespeare courses serves them well in the intellectual conception peculiar to the Smith rendering of Shakespeare's plays, while the versatility which is the possession of col-lege girls nowadays enables them to make costumes or gondolas with equal skill, to shift scenes or to weave pretty dances as the mo-

The play brings into use all the faculties a girl may possess, and she is likely to find herself equipped with an outfit of knowledge not ineluded in the catalogue when she pauses to take stock after commencement is over. Even if she has had no greater honor than to be one of the shouting mob she has learned something about stage conventions which will not come amiss if she turns playwright or dramatic critic in the future, while if she plays leading lady or gentleman she has all the advantage of the best advice and supervision which her

The maid who says two words is as carefully picked and trained as if she held the stage an hour. This care and nicety of detail give a smoothness and consistency to the play not otherwise possible, and keep the proportion which it would have as a piece of literature. This was particularly true of this year's play. In '97 Miss Gertrude Dyer as Shylock stood out preëminently as an actress, and the audience could feel little thrills running down its spine whenever she appeared, but this year, although the whole level was high, no one girl shone so brilliantly. Miss Cornella Sherman Harter as Beatrice was altogether charming. Her voice and appearance were particularly well suited to the character and through all her merry war of words she succeeded in hinting at the womanliness beneath. Miss Cora Waldo as Benedick played well to her Beatrice, though the sharpness of his tongue was less tempered by underlying gentleness than was hers. Miss Mae Lucille Dillon, Hero in the play, succeeded in looking pretty and interesting during the long periods when Shakespeare gives her nothing to do, and when the occasion came she showed herself sprightly and full of life. Claudio and the Prince, Miss Florence Monroe Reed and Miss Ethel May Dickenson, respectively, responded well to what was expected of them, while Miss, Ruth Harland Duncan, as Leonado and his brother Antonio, were faithful to the rendering of the two "nice" old men. Among the other actors, Don John, the villain, and Dogberry, the buffoon, were especially to be commended. The complete coast was as follows:

Don Pedro, Prince of Aragon. Ethel May Dickenson Don John, his bastard brother. spine whenever she appeared, but this year, al-

cast was as follows:

Don Fedro, Prince of Aragon. Ethel May Dickenson
Don John, his bastard brother.

Elizabeth Parker Hammond
Claudio, a young lord of Florence,
Benedick, a young lord of Padua. Cora Waldo
Leonato, Governor of Messina. Huth Harland Dunean
Antonio, his brother. Alice Boorum Duncan
Conrad | Followers of | Jessie Valentine Budiong
Borzachio, Don John | Mabel Bailey Large
Baithasar, astendant on Don Pedro. Ethel Hall Arnold
Priar Francis. Henrietta Sheldon Seelye Henrietta Shelden Scelye stable Grace Eliza Hanchard orough Josephine Maud Clark Maud Alliett Jackson

Messengers, Watch, Attendants.

The scenic effects throughout the play were very well managed. The minuet in the first act and the circular dance at the end were so graceful that the entire audience felt like playing Oliver Twist and asking for more. One of them sighed a sigh of exquisite contentment as she remarked that she knew at last what "art for art's sake" meant when she looked at the actors and saw them, young and unspoiled, making their best efforts for the joy of the doing. It was so unlike the butter-meat and-egg-billi-must be paid expression, she said, of some of the poor, jaded members of "the profussion" who find their way upon city boards.

of some of the poor, laded members of "the profussion" who find their way upon city boards.

Peculiar significance attached to each of the commencement functions this year for the reason that the college had just completed its first quarter century. The contrast between the primitive simplicity of the first days and the complex existence of this forces itself constantly upon those who have known the college from its infancy. Through all these years President Seelye has guided it faithfully and well to its preser prosperity. Smith is the only woman's er which has been blessed with one President, which will be the view of view

As I mek at you, my feeling is one of great humility. The accomplishment is so far he-

nent. No other institution lasts so long as an THE END OF THEIR CAREER.

nent. No other institution lasts so long as an institution of learning."

The sirls clapped long and enthusiastically and as they marched out two by two Dr. Blodgett played the Pilgrim's chorus. The seniors felt a little sad and solemn as they thought of commencement and the staff and scrip with which they would journey out into life when a few more chapel services were ever, and the Lys song practice came near to being tearful. The sifferent cleases were largely represented among the visiting alumne, and the different reunions were frequent and enthusiastic. Over 160°97, girls returned for their first reunion, 40°96 girls, and 34 of the class of '88 for their decennial. Many of the latter were married, and exhibited their children as their proudes laurels. The husbands who accompanied them had something the appearance of cats in strange garrets, but they found consolation in each other's company while their wives renewed old friendships.

Commencement this year was unusual, because it marked the twenty-fifth year of Smith College existence and of the rule of the President. Ills bumor and quick wit were never more in evidence than in receiving yet parrying the compliments that were extended to him. On Saturday at the last chapel exercises Prof. Tyler, in behalf of the alumne, conferred a degree on the President, making him at the same moment a member of the college and a graduate. The faculty expressed their pleasure by giving him, mostentatiously, a curiously shaped silver pitcher, and at the commencement exercises, through Dr. Greene, who was most instruental in persuading Sophia smith to found the college, the trustees presented a loving cup to the President.

The material prosperity of the college seems satisfactory. The new college house, to be called the Tyler House in honor of the late Prof. Tyler, is almost completed. Within a few thousands, money enough has been raised to build the new chemical laboratory, and an abonymous gift of \$50.000 will be applied to a new academic building to be named after the

the new chemical laboratory, and an abonymous gift of \$50,000 will be applied to a new academic building to be named after the President, which will cost as much again. There is some fear that the Dewey House may be moved to accommodate it, but it is the earnest hope of all the students and alumne that this peculiarly significant house may be left where it is and a site equally satisfactory be found somewhere else. The library fund of \$20,000, for which the alumne have been working long and faithfully, has almost reached the required sum.

BOSTON'S FREE MUSIC.

Mayor Quincy's Municipal Brass Band and

Boston, Mass., June 25.-Boston has now Municipal Brass Band and a Municipal Choral Society, and hence, in these respects at least, the city is unique. A few years ago, through the paraimony of the City Council, the band concerts that were given every midsummer Sun day on the Common were discontinued. people uprose in protest. And no wonder. The programmes had been well selected, from the popular viewpoint, and the performances had been excellent. But the appropriation voted by the City Council was so meagre that no large and well equipped band would make a bid. Then came Mayor Quincy with his unprece dented schemes for municipal extension. The schemes up to this time had embraced mostly science and athletics. The last of the schemes

Municipal Choral Society. The beginning of this musical era in Boston was the appointment by the Mayor of a music commission. He named Carl Zerrahn, who, as conductor of the Handel and Haydn Society for conductor of the Hander and Indy in Society for more than forty years, has spread his fame internationally; J. Thomas Haldwin, leader of the celebrated Cadet Hand (the musical annex to the First Corps of Cadets); John A. O'Shea, a choir director, composer, and organist; James M. McLaughlin, a teacher of music in the public schools, and Alfred de Voto, who wields considerable, realizing and musical influence siderable, realizing and musical influence.

includes the Municipal Brass Band and the

director, composer, and organist; James M. McLaughlin, a teacher of music in the public
schools, and Alfred de Voto, who wields considerable political and musical influence
in the North End. The commission organized a department of music, and then
went to work to collect a brass band.
They found a leader in a conductor of an orchestra in one of the local theatres—a man of experience and good reputation. He found no difficulty in forming the brass band. The first concert took place over in Charlestown on Bunker
Hill Day. It was a distinguished success. However, everything in Charlestown on June 17 is a
success, so great is the enthusiasm.

Meantime the commission had resolved upon
a still more remarkable departure from the
ways of custom. Prof. O'Shea, the Vice-President of the commission, said that he would
undertake to form a choral society to perform
conjointly with the brass band. He talked with
the leader of a big choir that was organized last
winter, and that, 800 strong, deluged Mechanics'
Hall with music a few weeks ago. Then a cail
was sent out to all the amateurs of the city to
come down to Fancui Hall and rehearse for the
first concert.

The scheme was well attended from the start.
And so the commission didn't besitate to advertise the first combination of a municipal brass
hand and municipal choral society. It was to
have taken place on the Common last Sunday
afternoon. Tickets had been distributed widely
throughout the wide domain of political patronage. Seats were built around the Common
band stand to accommodate the chorus. Unpretentious souvenir programmes had been printed
by the municipal printing shop, the choral society held a final rehearsal Saturday night and improved its performance of "The Heavens Are
Telling," "The Star-Spangled Banner," and
"America," But the rain came as though from
the lowlands of Cuba last Sunday, and so the
concert was postponed until the 26th.

The success of the first band concert, and particularly the private success of the chorus,
wh

up in the new gymnasium at Commonwealth Park South Boston. There the municipal chorus Park, South Boston. There the nunicipal chorus will practice, and, by and by, when the frost comes, it will give concerts in Fancuil Hall, and, nossibly, in the State armories. Meantime, now and then, it will raise its voice on the Common. During the summer the municipal brass band will supply the accompaniment. During the winter the organ will come in handy. The purpose of the Commissioners is to entertain the people of Boston with music all the year around. The effort may be a more spasm, but while it lasts it will be pushed along vigorously. All the concerts will be free, and all sections of the city will be favored by their performance.

The organization of this unparalleled municinal department has assonished the citizens. Mayor Quincy, who is the father of the idea, is commonly reputed to be a slim and gentlemanly ogre. It is a pleasant bit of Boston fletion that attributes to his Honor a native indisposition to laugh. As a matter of fact, he was never known attributes to his honor a native indisposition to laugh. As a matter of fact, he was never known to smile while he served his long apprenticeship in the State Legislature. Old messengers at the State House were accustomed to fice his presence. But the Mayor's bump of music is well defined. His favorite mode of leaving the City Hall is with his hands in his pockets, whistling. His sister is an accomplished singer.

ANDREW JACKSON'S LIBRARY.

Autograph Letter of Byron Found in the Collection by the Hermitage Association.

STAGE PEOPLE WHO SEEK THE

PROSAIC IN RETIREMENT. Commonplace Surroundings of the Homes of Some Actors, Actresses and Singers Once

Famous-It is Not Altogether a Question of Money-A Possible Explanation. There must be a time when the artistic nature is used up and exhausted along with the strength and spirit of youth," said a man who has been brought into contact with many singers and artists. "I was first led to speculate concerning this when I went to call on a man who is a historic figure of the American stage, He was more favored by material fortune in his middle life than he is to-day. Occasionally he steps out of an honored retirement to make an appearance, and always he is received with great enthusiasm. Once a cluster of actors rep-

resenting the most distinguished element of

their profession, appeared in his honor. "When I saw him last his recollections of stage life were remarkably rich and interesting. He was living then in a flat on the upper east side. In the room adjoining that in which we were sitting a woman was washing and the odor of soap and suds was strong. A child that might have been put into the tub without disadvantage played about on the floor. The aparament belonged to a relative of his-the woman in the next room was his niece-and there was no suggestion anywhere of poverty; but the furniture and the decorations of the room were of the most ordinary character. There were no books in sight, and about the place there was but one thing to suggest his former profession. That was an album of photographs, and rather disconcerting to observe that the book was bound in red plush, with the word 'Album 'applied on one cover in brass letters. The old man passed his life there with apparent satisfaction. In the street outside his windows dirty children played and shricked, and the calls of itinerant sellers of fish and vegetables were heard. No more prosale and commonplace surroundings for the end of an artist's ca reer could well have been imagined. He was ending a career that gave him food for splendid reminiscences in quarters that must have been expected to oppress anybody by their prosaic character; but he was as happy as if he were in the most congenial quarters, and with his grand nephew holding his hand, he picked his way among the untidy children on the sidewalk with as much pride as he over walked across the stage in the days of his greatest reputation. "Another player I remember was a queen of old-time tragedy who accumulated during a

long and active career money enough to buy herself a home in a very agreeable part of the city. But she never made enough to stop acting. She is still acting. When I called on her I found a sitting room decorated in just the fashion that one sees on the stage in the bucolic and rural plays. It looked miles away from New York. Yet the cable cars were making themselves audible a block or more away, and the house is in the heart of the busiest neighborhood in town. By some pecultarity of the location-doubtless the proximity to Seventh avenue-the family in the adjoining house is made up of negroes. There are others in the vicinity. This woman, who is now more than sixty, has been the heroine of numberless sentimental and classical plays, and in her time was the beloved favorite of a large share of the theatregoers of this city. But she was not suggestive of any of those days when I met her. She was dressed in a calico wrapper, tied at the waist in a way to exhibit the robust outlines of her figure. She was not stout-only strong and muscular in build. She had been working in the back yard when I called, and her face was flushed and perspiring. With the back of a hand that would have left its imprint had she been less careful she brushed back her hair from her brow. It was hard to realize that this woman could ever have incarnated the most poetic creations of Shakespeare. But she had done so, and with great success. Over a large family of sons she presided, only interrupting this domesticity by occasional returns to the stage whenever opportunity offered. As she had been married four times, the different names of the sons add some picturesqueness to the life of the household. In other respects the house was commonplace and prosaic and vulgar. That seemed to me an unworthy end for a traged queen. To have travelled over the country in the primitive fashion of the first followers of Thespis's cart might have been uncomfortable for a woman of her years. But it would have been vastly more in accord with the traditional views on the subject.

"There was more of the traditional element in the case of a singer who died three years ago under tragic circumstances. The woman, after passing through a splendid career, settled down in New York as a teacher of music, and appeared at odd times in public to demonstrate that her art was as admirable as ever, even if her natural powers were somewhat worn. Her friends supposed that she was prosperous, and few of them knew what her real condition was until the news of her death suddenly came to them. It was discovered then that she had died in a small cottage soveral miles back of a New Jersey village, an hour's ride from the when I called, and her face was flushed and per-

in a small cottage several miles back of a New Jersey village, an hour's ride from the city. She was practically penniless, and the only acquaintance she had in the neighborhood was acquaintance she had in the neighborhood was acquaintance she had in the neighborhood was been distance way. This was one of the best known in the world of music, and sang triumphantly in nearly every great city of the world. It was not until the news of her death reached them that her friends knew of her poverty or of the curious place to which she had retired. There was no reason why she should have been without the necessaries of life, as her friends would gladly have helped her. Like many a woman in her position, she kept up an appearance of prosperity on very small resources. Her pupils yielded enough to pay current expenses, but when with the summer they scattered she had only her savinax to live on. A short liness used up most of those, and while the singer was still comparatively young. Its close was surrounded by many of the prosaic details that seem to make the atmosphere of most artistic careers after a certain number of years when the material elements assert themselves over all others.

"Somewhat similar although without the tragic features were the circumstances under which one of the best-known men in the history of music in this country met his death. He had been composer and impresario, always brilliant, dashing and picturesque, as well known in Europe as he was in this country, where the greater part of his life was passed. In his admitted about the neighborhood and their lives were the lives of the people in the days of his prosperity. These had fled forever long before, and only poverty had been his portion during a long period. I went down to see his family just after receiving the news of his death. One of his sons bad followed his profession and taken to music. The others had settled about the neighborhood and their lives were the lives of the people in the little town about them. One of the sons kept the vill Astegraph Letter of Byron Found in the Colection by the Hermitage Association.

Three members of the Roard of Directors of the Laddes Hermitage Association visited the language of Hermitage Association visited the language of Hermitage Association visited the language of the William Association of the William Association of the William Association of the Association of the

QUANTRELL RIDER'S STORY. LIFE OF A GUERRILLA AS TOLD BY

spectability in the whole piace. Dozens of pariors similarly furnished could have been found near by. On the walls at regular intervals hung, framed in white and gold, cheap reproductions of engravings and otchings. Here was a standing lamp and there a white marble bust to match it in the scheme of decoration, which had evidently been devised either by the carpet layer or the clerk in the furniture store. All was new, spick and utterly commonplace and ordinary. Yet the woman who lived amid all that had & career that was nearly great. But there was no suggestion of her or of that in the appearance of the parior. It seemed a queer way to abandon the memory of a life that was looked at with great admiration a generation ago. But that was the evident idea of the woman. Now she wanted quiet, neventful respectability, just of the kind that her neighbors about her had. All recollections of her former career were to be ignored. She had succeeded completely so far as the appearance of her house was concerned. There was not a memento or souvenir of the years that made her name famous. Near her lives another woman now possessed of a fortune. She was at one time almost as well known. Later she roitred, and she has for so many years lived away from the theatre and in the atmosphere of domestic quiet few persons know she was ever on the stage. In both of these instances there is wealth. But they prove as effectively as the others that the time seems to come in the artistic career when all of the influences disappear to give place to—well, something very different." ONE OF THEM. He Is Now a Respected Citizen of New York, but in the Civil War a Price Was Pat on Bis Read-Why They Fought Under the

Black Fing-Their Motives and Methods. Living in a New York apartment house above Central Park is a man on whose head was once placed a price by a Union General. In the ountry where this man made himself feared by those who were opposed to his manner of warfare he was known as a guerrilla. In the oinage of the civilian he was a bush whacker. "Naturally," he said to the only man in the

city who knows his antecedents, "I was very much interested in the accounts I read in THE Sun of the fighting around Guantanamo Bay. I cannot say I wanted to take a hand. I do not know what sort of guerrillas can be made out o marines or regulars. I am not questioning the courage of either. That has been demonstrated. If I were asked to make a guess, it would be that the volunteer will be more effective in the guerrilla warfare in Cuba than the marine or the regular. And I believe the hard fighting is to come. When we have Santiago and Havana and all the coast towns the guerrilla war will be stubborn. It's like fire in cotton. You never know when it is going to broak out, or where, The Spaniard is a guerrilla by instinct and the military customs of his country have intensified his craving.

the national issue, the churches are by no "And yet the best guerrillas of the civil waryou anderstand the sense in which I use the word 'best'-were men whose lives before the war were as peaceful as that of a pastoral poet. I cannot recall one who was a city man, or a aggressive man. They were men who were known as countrymen. But they had some of the instincts of the tiger. A tiger is peaceful until his right is disputed. The blood of his recognition of the public crisis. Even the whelp infuriates him.
"Some of the most desperate men in guerrilla.

warfare were those who tried to stay at home purpose put them out this year as usual and during the civil war to care for helpless ones, or who, having gone to the front, returned from time to time to look after their homes. Sometimes ther found ashes where their homes stood. The people of the home were not to be found, or, if found, they were naked and hungry, and now and then one would be found whose reason had been overthrown. Then the returned soldier lay in wait in the woods. He cient height to be imposing. Others have skulked by night. When the weather permitted he lay down to sleep by day in the tall grass. of the prairie. After he had lived in this way a little while, after he had comforted his feeling of revenge by the results of some unerring thots, and would have been willing to call it even, he found that he was proscribed. He knew he was hunted. He knew that whatever east and west sides of town, and as far north on the avenues as Fifty-seventh street, shows he had of kin, wherever it was found, would be

made to suffer for his take. And he knew, God help him, that he had no country and no flag. And then he fought to the death. "Now, when you find a dozen, twenty-five, fifty, or one hundred men whose lives have "Now, when you find a dozen, twenty-five, fifty, or one hundred men whose lives have come together in this way, you can understand how they come to be terrors. You can understand how they come to be terrors. You can understand how they come to be terrors. You can understand the portent of the black flag. There is no mounting of guard, or dress parade, or hope of reward from Congress, or of degrees by colleges, or of florid descriptions of the fight, with pictures, for men who are guerrillas. Two stand sentinel somewhere in the thicket while the others get a little sleep. And sometimes there is no sentinel but the guerrillas faithful horse. I have heard that a horse has no sense; but I think very much depends upon the man who owns him. I never stopped to study it, but there was some sort of affinity between a guerrilla and his horse. I have slept in my saddle and trusted my faithful horse to keep out of danger. I have sometimes, when alone and tired, dismounted, lay down in the grass or thicket, and left my horse on guard. I always found him there when I awoke.

"Yee, once my horse called me. I had been in the saddle nearly thirty hours. In that time the rain was incessant. I went to sleep undersome branches on the ground. Under such conditions a man will sleep the sleep of the just. I was awakened by the shaking and breaking of the brush. My horse was pulling it from me. I was barely in the saddle when a lot of jayhawkers were upon me. But for my knowledge of the country I would not have escaped.

nomination. The old First Church, corner of Fifth avenue and Twelfth street, was among the first in the city to fly a flag. The substantial character of the architecture was just suited for the purpose, and the broad bunting floats on the square tower. The Presbyterian churches higher up the avenue are similarly decorated, and in out-of-the-way neighborhoods, where churches of this faith have footing, perhaps sandwiched close in between dwellings, without a foot of room to spare on either side, and with no attempt at architectural embellishment, the national colors stream out in the breeze.

Some of the Baplist churches and many of the Methodist have been readous in a display of patriotism, but they are not so uniformly of one mind in the matter as the Presbyterians. Certain of the Catholie churches have also put out bunting, and notably on Decoration Day this year the Cathodier and others of the faith showed a liberal display. The Jowish synagogue on Fifth avenue flies two flags from its ornate turrets, as does another synagogue on the east side. It is interesting to note that certain of these church flags are neither new nor unfaded. One showing on upper Fifth avenue has a hole in it, not the mark of a builet, but perhaps of a moth invasion or merely the wear and tear of time. These old 'lags are kept in store by the wardens and elders in order that they may be ready when emergency demands their showing. At stated and recognized intervals it is meet that they should be put out and stand for the common sentiment, but there is frequently much discussion among the ruling powers as to what occasion is meet and what is not. Some of the church fathers and sponsors take the ground that the Church, or a church, should remain neutral as regards public issues, refraining from any expression of interest in matters of political and national import.

"It detracts from the spiritual and elevating character of the Church for it to dabble, even symbolically, in mundane affairs," they argie.

"It detracts from the spiritual a

the brush. My horse was pulling it from me. I was bursely in the saddle when a lot of jayhawkers were upon me. But for my knowledge of the country I would not have escaped. I think I owe my life to my horse.

"I remember I spoke of this once to Quantrell, and he said it showed that a horse appreciated a low voice, for the guerrilla was never known to speak otherwise; at least, not after he had been a guerrilla very long. The American guerrilla's voice was musical. An old cavaliryman once told me that he broke a norse with kindness, and I believe it can be done. I reckon you remember what an old Fronch Marshal once saidat least he is credited with it—that the best cuirassiers were those who embraced their horses before they did their mistresses.

"With us, to be a Kansas man was the unpardonable crime. It sounds strange, doesn't it I There was reason for it. Our homes were on the border. We believed, and some of us still believe, that the first horse stealing, the first barn burning, the first stampede of live stock, and the first desceration of home and church were by the Kansas jayhawker, or, as he was often known, redleg. But there were times when his Kansas antecedents didn't cause him to die. A Lieutenant was brought into our corral. He made some sort of sign which I did not understand, but our Captain asked him if practical, heliful force in everyday life it must necessarily share in whatever stirs the neart throbs of the people and not hold aloof. According as the general opinion of the church wardens or church vestry or elders of the various congregations coincide with the one sentiment or the other does the church front show a flag. Sometimes a patriotic and church-loving member donates a handsome flag out-and-out when it is ascertained that the church government will favor its display. Again the colors are bought by common contribution from the

it is ascertained that the church government will favor its display. Again the colors are bought by common contribution from the church treasury, and sometimes the church has its own especial time-honored flag all in readiness to be brought out on just such an occasion once consent is gained and the manner of its display decided on.

"When I first saw that flag out over our church door as I walked up the avenue the other day, i thought it looked funny," said a sober-going church member. "I did not exactly like it. It seemed as though the church was stepping down out of its way to make common cause with the people's interests. Then I got to thinking about it and viewing it from all sides, and now the idea of the Church being at one with the State and nation, if need be, upholding the right and sympathizing with the nation's peril, as it were, seems to me quite appropriate.

But the church ward in to whom he was speaking, a vestryman of a church which is now decorated with bunting, but not without diversity of opinion among its members, shook his head disapprovingly. "I do not think that the Church should meddle, even by implication, in national issues," he said, "and you will notice that moet of the churches which are the greatest sticklers for form and ceremony in their religious observances and celebrations, show no bunting in the firmatively.

"Are you a Kansas man f asked our Captain.
"Yes, was the reply.
"Then to hell with you, said our Captain.
And while he cocked his pistol tears came into the Lieutenant's eyes.

"How old are you f asked our Captain. The Lieutenant choked, but managed to say he was 28. was 26. Married I' asked the Captain. The Lieutenant said he was. "'Yes."
Hate to die, I reckon?' But the Lieutenant

"Children I"
"Yes."
"Hate to die, I reckon I" But the Lieutenant was speechless.
"You are free. Git."
"The Lieutenant was dumb: but as soon as he recovered he undertook to thank the man whose voice and heart were at war.

"Damn your thanks, and damn you!" reared the Captain. 'I told you you are free. Git.

"I remember once when a troop that had been separated from the main body, if I can speak of a guerrilia band in that way, came in, and the Lieutenant was questioned by Quantrell as to the result of his work. The guerrilla's report was never written; and the words were as brief and to the point as Dewey's to Gridley. The Lieutenant's report was:

"All killed but one.
"The Lieutenant saluted and rode away. There is one thing charged to the guerrilla from which he should be absolved. I mean train robbing. There never was anything of that kind in guerrilla warfare. We burned towns; we pillaged homes when there were no women and children in them; we slew in the face of prayer; we obstructed: but we never robbed a train or u stage coach, and we never mutilated the dead. Train robbery followed after guerrilla of Quantrell I" the old man answered promptly and in a quiet manner:

"It was in 1836. He and his brother and the father had camped in their overland journey. They were teaming. It was in the robbed them and rode away. The Quantrell known after ward in history dragged the body of his brother to a creek, washed his wounds, fed him, kept watch of him until he died, and then buried him, helped in the sounds, fed him, kept watch of him until he died, and then buried him, helped in the sounds, fed him, kept watch of him until he died, and then buried him, helped in the sounds, fed him, kept watch of him until he died, and then buried him, helped in the sounds, fed him, kept watch of him until he died, and then buried him, helped in the sounds, fed him, kept watch of him until he died, and then buried him, helped in the sounds. The company had in it the men who had killed his father and brother. Quantrell was so chan Thomas L. Rosser. A newly appointed officer asked Rosser where he was going to have his uniforms made. "They will cost you a lot of money," said he. "I have had six suits made, and they cost me \$700."

"I will only need," responded Rosser, "a fiannel shirt which I can buy here anywhere on the avenue: a pair of shoulder straps, and a string or piece of braid around my hat to designate that I am an officer.

"You will have to get a fine horse, General," continued the interlocutor. "Gen. Butler has bad a \$400 black stallion presented to him, and other Generals have secured fine horses."

"Well, replied Rosser, "I have some good stock down on my farm; but from what I can learn a horse will not be the suitable thing in Cubar: I blink a maile will be best, and it is my expectation to ride a maile.

It may be that this Confederate veteran with his fiannel shirt and string around his hat, bestriding a mule, will not be exactly in trim to court an amorous looking glass or caper nimbly in a lady's chamber to the laselyious pleasing of a line, but for a Black Doughas leady for the devil's own work in desperate encounter commend us to the "Prince of Albemarle."

self." Again he tortured the frightener night hird.

By this time the worm turned. The bat fought the back, and by a quick movement caught the torturing finger in its beak. The wise man jerked his hand away, and with a lond "Ouch!" put the digit into his own mouth to suck the

BERE IS ANTOINE, SURE ENOUGH. But Where Are the Two Hunters That Pulled Mim and the Chamete Out of the Abyes?

"They tell wonderful tales of the chamois and the chamots hunter in Switzerland," said one who has been in Switzerland frequently, and was a good listener while there, "and Antoine limlich, a middle-aged hunter, agile elastic in mind as well as body, I imagine, had his repertoire of reminiscences of that sky and sure-footed antelone of the Alns more to excite the interest and strain the credulity of the listener than any other Swiss mountainee I ever heard give himself liberty on the subject. Antoine was a dweller in the Bernese Oberland, and to hear him tell it, he had hunted and was at home in every part of the Alps His favorite narrative, for it was the first one he always told when he had a listener, was of an adventure he had once at the head of the great Zmutt Glacier. He had been following chamols for two days among the perllous rocks and ley slopes in that locality, and at last discovered it on the apex of a high rock that rose fifty feet above him. He himself was standing at the top of a steep slope of glacial debris, where the footing was insecure, and which terminated on the brink of a chasm hundreds of feet deep. The instant he saw the chamois above him he fired. The animal tumbled from the rock and fell at his feet. It was not dead, and it struggled to rise. An toine seized it by both hind legs, and in doing

tumbled from the rock and fell at his feet. It was not dead, and it struggled to rise. Antoine seized it by both hind legs, and in doing so lost his footing. He fell forward, still holding the chamols by the legs, and instantly both inniter and quarry were sliding down the slope toward the coasm.

"Antoine made desperate efforts to thrust his feet in some crack or crevice in the debris to save himself, and even the poor chamols pawed desperately with its forefeet to gain a loothold and stay the journey to death. The efforts were vain. Antoine retained his hold on the chamols legs, in the desperate hope that impels the drowning man to grasp at straws. As they neared the brink of the chasm the chamols, in its struggles, had turned upon its back. Antoine suddenly felt the solid ground fall away beneath him, and he knew he had passed over the precipiec's edge. But instead ôf tumbling on down into the abyes, he found himself suspended from the cliff, hanging to the chamols legs. Antoine gisaced upward. The curved horns of the chamols had plunged into a deep crevice near the precipiec's edge as hunter and antelope shot over it. The strong horns withstood the shock of the sudden cessation of motion, and there. Actoine hung.

"Antoine at once uttered a fervent prayer of thanks for being thus unexpectedly saved from the plunge, but when he had time to collect himself he changed his mind. He had nothing to be thankful for, he thought, for at the best he could not see how the situation was anything more than a reprieve. It was impossible for him to draw binnself back to the slope by means of the changes this mind. He had nothing to be thankful for, he thought, for at the best he could not see how the situation was anything more than a reprieve. It was impossible for him to draw binnself back to the slope by means of the change his mind. He had nothing to him the change of his vision, on the edge of the precipice above him. Words of cheer came from them. Antoine grasped the antelope's legs in midair. It seemed an hour that

The Old and the New in City Life Come Into

The old and the New in City Life Come Integrated Contrast There.

The advent of the trolley has given new life and activity to the zigzag square at Tenth street and Second avenue, where the new and the old order of things come together with a clash under the brow of old St. Mark's porch, and two other churches and a weather-stained library building add a touch of dignified architecture to the spot. With a whir and clang of gong the long, yellove cars awoop round the curve and people seramble out of the horse cars that have joggled leisurely up the avenue and get their transfers, in a hurry to be gone, and there are push and scramble and excitement all unwonted in the old-town square. The neighborhood is one of the most interesting in New York, and whether seen by day, when the fresh verdure of the church grounds and the work and ample frontage of street space, seems to dominate and monopolize the square. It has plainly the air of having been there long before anything else was, before even the streets were entirely decided upon and before appears to the further seems, before even the streets were entirely decided upon and before appears to do Surgery and the first Add to the Injured, and Every Man life Own Surgeron. Of course, with my opport the clark of the life of the lif were entirely decided upon and before ap-preciative and well-living citizens built

were entirely decided upon and before appreciative and well-living citizens built those pleasing and spacious houses with abundance of yard room and shrubbery. By daylight the church seems even to snub-Second avenue, running so straight and broad past its tereas, whose leafage is a benefaction. In spite of all the rush and quiver of electric transit going by, and the encroaching crowds that swarm over from the cast side, and the tenements almost ready to cross the borders, the church looks calmly assured of protection in its ancient prerogative, undisturbed by any amount of change and innovation.

Hy night the white giare of the electric lights at the cafe windows across the square blots out the steadfast old tower completely and leaves it dimly outlined against the sky among its whispering tree boughs. The people stream to and fro along the avenue pavement where shops and haberdasheries and resorts of various kinds make common interest. The original purpose of the square, the church environment, and the tasteful, comfortable residences are subordinate to the amusement seekers and the vender. Just opposite the ancient church the old family homes walt vacant, with shut doors and until windows, until the newcomers shall become strong enough to engulf them and convert them to their own purpose.

The well-laid-out trimmed hedges and carefully turned gateposts and garden statues are thrown into gloom, and the life and ferroy of

The well-luid-out trimmed hedges and carefully turned gateposts and garden statues are thrown into gloom, and the life and fervor of the square burns and ceatres on the other side, while the clanging trolley brings fresh carloads of visitors and transfer passengers on each recurring trip, and the horse cars change horses and change front and transfer diswatown for a fresh supply. Old St. Mark's has seen many changes in the city's method of travel and of disporting itself since the chorch first found establishment on the square and won its preatige, but the trolley and the horseless carriage are another more striking cooch witnessed, as also the crowds of curious sightseers and cafe loungers that the trolley makes possible.

FRESH FRUIT IN JUNE,

Where It Comes From-Pout Prospects Are Good This Year.

The New Jersey man who, on his way home, stops at Washington Market and, buying some the price he has paid, does not think of the 3,000 miles those same cherries have travelled before he saw them, or how much it cost to bring

them that distance.

All early June fruit is expensive because it has to be brought from a long distance. The peaches come from California and Georgia now, and later on the Maryland and New Jersev crops come in. Cherries and apricots also come from California, and the plums, while they are brought along with the rest of the No Hurry at Canteen.

From the Kammering Star.

With the arrival of 5,000 volunteers the Jefferson Barracks canteen swirled with business. It was a downright lawnry for the volunteers who were unusated the Jefferson Barracks canteen swirled with business. It was a downright lawnry for the volunteers who were unusated by the Jefferson Barracks canteen swirled with business. It was a downright lawnry for the volunteers who were unusated by the Jefferson Barracks canteen swirled with business. It was a downright lawnry for the volunteers who were unusated by the Jefferson Barracks canteen swirled with business. It was a downright lawnry for the volunteers who were unusated by the Jefferson Barracks canteen swirled with Jefferson Barracks which Jefferson Barracks with Jefferson Barracks with Jefferson Barracks which Jefferson Barra California fruit now, will be the product of this

WHIRLOF THE NEW WHEEL

IT'S NOT HIS FAULT, THOUGH, IN

MR. HOPKINS IS UNDER REPAIR Blank Wheel-Bandages and Splints Mor-Noticeable New Than They Were Three Years Ago. The Coming Red Cross Tricycle

If the blond-haired, muscular young man whe has attracted more than his share of attention on the Coney Island bicycle path during the rast month because of the number of bandages and splints in which he is done up can find the man who started the story that he was the vie tim of careless intimacy with a contact mine he will punch his head for him, or Policeman Brady MacCormack may call him a Har. At least, that was what be told the policeman, To the casual observer the blond-baired young man looked like a composite photograph of the accident ward of Bellevue which had been handled carelessly by the developer. Two of the fingers of his right hand were bandaged, his left arm was in a splint, the tip of one car was missing, his face was scratched, and spots on his blond head showed where the surgeons had shaved the hair to dress the wounds.

"My name is Hopkins, Samuel Hopkins," said the blond young man to the policeman, "and when the attention which I was attracting on my wheel became embarrassing I asked the reason for it, and I discovered that some pic-faced, lop-sided Ananias had said that I had been blown up by a mine. I'm as little bit scarred and it's my misfortune that I have ridden a blevele only a month. Three years ago every body was learning to ride a wheel. Everybody did learn then, and no one thought anything about accidents except the victims themselves. I am a conservative man, Mr. Policeman, and I live on a Brooklyn street that is not asphalted. I did not know until a month ago that everybody was riding a wheel. I have been trying to make up for lost time. That is all."

"You look as if you had been up against it hard," said the policeman, sympathetically; "and now that I see you plainly, I remember you as you looked a month ago," "Yes?" said Mr. Hopkins, sadiy,

"Indeed, I do," continued MacCormack, "Roundsman Murphy happened along just as you passed, and I said to him. There goes a gay

"Roundsman Murphy happened along just as you passed, and I said to him. There goes a gay young buck who'll be scorching bimeby. Look out for him." Those were my words to the Rounds."

"You thought I was going to scorch, did you? said Mr. Hopkins, as a smile of reminiscences' started gayly around his mouth and came to grief near his mutilated ear.

"I could see by the first look that you were new at the business."

"Well, so I was." said Mr. Hopkins, "and that is not the cause of my accidents, not a bit of it. You see, I am pretty muscular, and I got a wheel that runs too casily. It's the best bicycle in the market to-day, bar none. You don't have to push it. All you have to do is to hold it back or yon will be arrested for scorching. My bicycle is the Biank wheel, and—"

"I ride that make myself," said the policeman, to save time.

"Have a chear?" said Mr. Hopkins. "I thought you were a sensible man, Well, you see, this wheel has taken me to places where I didn't want to go. If I pointed its nose toward Coney Island, before I knew it I would find myself there, that is, if there happened to be no one riding a cheapgrade wheel in from of me. Unfortunately, some of these blooming idiots who call themsleves bleyeleriders don't use the Blank wheel. I ran into one of them the second morning that I went out on my racer and I lost the tip of this second finger in that small,"

"What became of the other fellow!"

and I lest the tip of this second finger in that smach."

"What became of the other fellow?"

"Oh, he is in the nospital, and it served him right for not buying a good wheel. Nearly every morning since then I have had trouble with some of these fellows. I broke my arm because an idiot passed me on the road and I didn't hold back my wheel hard enough. I ran into his rear wheel and we both tumbled off. He had gone when I came to, and I don't know whether he went away in an ambulance or on his wheel. I didn't see him go, you know."

"Why don't you use your brake!" asked Mas-Cormack.

wheel but the best. I have thought out a bester plan than that. After I had been riding a week and paying doctors bills, I began to study up 'First Aid to the Injured,' and Every Man His Own Surreon.' Of course, with my opportunities to put in practice what I learned I made rapid headway. I bandaced my fingers myself this morning. Now, my idea is this, I am going to buy a good heavy tricycle and name it the 'Solace.' I will get a Blank tricycle that will rim very fast. I am going to equip it with lint and bandages and apply to the Red Cross Hospital for a nurse to rist in 1s after me every morning. You see they can change nurses each day, so that the entire corps may get some practical training before going to Cuba. That tricycle will fly a Red Cross flag, and I think that those follows who ride low-grade wheels will respect it. That is my own idea and it pleases me. If I find the fellow who started the story about my being blown up by a mine he will be the first patient for the Red Cross girl who rides the tricycle. Good-by, old man, I can't hold this Blank wheel any longer, and Mr. Hookins and his wounda scorched rapidly out of Policeman MacOcrmack's sight.

SOAP AND ITS USES.

England High Among the Nations but the United States at the Head of the List.

There is now exported from Great Britain ore soap than was used in Great Britain at the beginning of the present century, and, besides, according to authentic figures, 400,000,-000 pounds of soap is used in Great Britain every year, exclusive of 55,000,000 pounds exported to other countries, chiefly English colonies. The French manufacture of soap amounts approximately to 300,000,000 pounds a year. the larger part of which is made in the city of Paris. The sale in other countries of French soap and particularly French perfumed soap, is a considerable item of commerce. The ex-ports of some from Great Britain in recent

a considerable item of commerce. The experts of sole from Great Britain in recent years have been as follows: 1875, 12,500 tens; 1880, 19,500; 1885, 20,100; 1890, 25,000; 1895, 27,500. What were known in England as the some taxes originated during the reign of Queen Anne and were originally lived at \$150 a ton, yielding in the year 1810 a public revenue in excess of \$7,000,000.

An official estimate recently made shows the average consumption per inhabitant of Great Britain to be nine pounds a year; a similar average prevails in France, Beignin, and Holland, though a popular belief ascribes to the last country sinuch larger use of soap, particularly for houseleaning. There are no official figures on the subject, but there is a general belief that very little soap is used in Spain. Certainly no soan is imported into that country the Spanish blocksole on soap has been of long duration and note is exported from it. The United States stand at the head of all other countries in the use, if not is the manufacture, of soap. The average expertations of American soap in a year amount to 30,000,000 pounds. The importations in othe 1 nited States of soap amount to 3,000,000 pounds, or one-tenth as much. There are nearly 500 soap factories in the United States, with a rash capital of \$25,000,000, using materials to the value of \$30,000,000 and giving employment to 10,000 persons. In the number of such establishments New York stands first among American cities, but prior to its enlargement Philadelphia had the first place. New York second, and Brooklyn third. Boston, San Francisco, and Cincinnati follow in the order named, and in respect of the value of materials used in soap making Chicago comes first, having maty facilities for procuring them, but turning out a cheap and inferior grade of soap.